

DEAD TO THE WORLD.

ENGLISH JACK, THE HERMIT OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Why He Chose the Life of a Recluse—A Curious Compound of Culture and Quaintness—Happy With Reptiles and Quadrupeds—A Perilous Adventure.

(Special Correspondence.)
WOLFOBO, N. H., Oct. 9.—If one leaves the train on the west side of the little lake where the Saco river has its rise, just at the entrance to the famed defile of the Crawford notch, and follows down the track half a mile, one will see a winding path leading up Mount Willard. After a sharp climb over a rough, rock strewn path through the woods there is a little clearing of about half an acre, much like a shelf set in the mountainside, where stands a hut surrounded by a tiny vegetable garden, in which potatoes, corn and cabbage flourish, fenced in by the somber firs and beeches. Here, amid his treasures, lives English Jack, whose right name, as he says, is Alfred Vile.

There are three rooms in this cabin, in the first of which are pens and cages containing rabbits, squirrels and pigeons and a squirming nest of snakes, which crawl all over him and wind themselves about his neck and limbs as an entertainment to visitors. Snowshoes, moccasins and traps adorn the walls. The atmosphere is anything but pleasant. The adjoining room is used as a storehouse for the various vegetables and other edibles, with a goodly supply of homemade root beer, are stored. Another apartment is his living room, and it is quite cheerful. Its walls are adorned with newspaper cuts and an occasional chromo sent him by former visiting friends. This is his armory also, and a shotgun, some quaint looking Spanish pistols and ugly knives are hung around the walls.

In personal appearance old Jack is a study. His unkempt beard and hair, now



ENGLISH JACK AND HIS CABIN.

whitening and flowing down from beneath a skin cap, his leathery face, horny hands and nondescript apparel are in keeping with his surroundings.

I prevailed upon him to stand in front of his cabin while I took a picture of it. But not until after I consented to let him put on his best clothes, a suit which some one had given him, and a hat much too small, would he be taken, and thus the picturesque quality of his appearance was lost.

A Cruise Life.

Jack's life has been an eventful one. Born in 1827, he followed the sea a great part of his early days. For 24 years he sailed the world over in government and merchant vessels—under many flags. He was wrecked five times—once on an island, where he led a Cruise life for two years and was obliged to eat snakes, frogs and similar food. He says he has eaten all kinds of snakes except cobras, and even now enjoys a live frog diet. Disgusting as is the fact, I easily proved it by giving him a quarter, for which he actually selected a lively specimen of a frog from among his stock, which he ate, he keeps to fatten, and swallowed it whole. I inquired if it didn't kick after it was down, to which he replied, "Oh, a little, but 'twill soon be quiet." He went on to say that while in the English service in China he was shot through the arm. He was also in the transport service in the Crimea and remembered Lord Raglan and Sir Colin Campbell, who was created Lord Clyde after the sepooy mutiny. He was in the service in India during the mutiny and was among the 800 recruits from the vessels in port out of which 150 were killed. He was present at the taking of Delhi and assisted in capturing the king, receiving two shots in the side and a bayonet wound in the face.

He says he never saw any large American city except New York, where he staid for a few hours 35 years ago. He has lived in his present home some 23 years and insists on the game he catches, the products of his little garden and the berries and nuts the woods afford. He has had some peculiar companions besides his present family, and at one time had a dog and a deer, a pig and a lamb, all of which he taught to drink his root beer. A bear and a wolf have shared his hospitality at different times. For many years before his death a half breed Indian named Louis was a frequent visitor and companion of Jack's.

He relates pathetically that once he loved a fair English girl, but while he was away on one of his voyages she died, and he never loved another, and therefore did not care to meet the people of the world, preferring to have the mute inhabitants of the forest as his companions.

A Perilous Adventure.

Jack is absent on his hunting trips days at a time and gives a vivid account of what once befell him, that is worth telling here. "A dozen years ago," said Jack, "I got into a serious scrape. Over this mountain and the next one there is a little pond swarming with trout, but it is a hard climb to get there, as there is no road between the mountains, and you have to go over the top of both. The pond is almost as high as the ridge you see over there sticking its back up through the clouds.

"I started off early one morning and got to the pond about the middle of the forenoon. It was a hot morning, but I never saw trout bite so well. About the middle of the afternoon I had got trout enough and was ready to go home, and then I felt uneasy because off in the south and southwest the thunderclouds began to pile up, and I knew there was a big shower coming. Showers come quick up here. I've known it all clear sky and sunshine, and in less than 15 minutes it would be black as night and pour in torrents.

"When I got on the backbone of the ridge, I saw the shower coming, and it was growing dark fast, and the thunder rumbled in the south. I knew I should catch it before I got home, and I had got pretty well down to the deep gully between the two mountains when the rain came down like a waterfall. I looked around for shelter, but there wasn't a tree of any size—nothing but bare rocks. But luckily I found a hole under a big boulder that led into a cave, and I went in, although I was careful lest there were a bear or wildcat in it which might open to company.

"The gleam of the lightning through the entrance would partially light the interior, but there were still deep shadows in the rear, and I felt uneasy. For I could hear nothing—the thunder maddened a din, and it was so heavy it shook the rocks around me.

A Living Tomb.

"I might have been sitting there 20 minutes when suddenly I heard a sound between the thunderclaps that made me catch my breath and sent a cold shiver through me, for I distinctly heard the rustle

and roar of a landslide over my head. Jumping up, my first thought was to rush out, but I stopped for fear I might get caught in it. Nearer and nearer it came, and I knew there was a slide coming down right over my cave, and the next minute I was in total darkness. The sound gradually died away, and a deathlike silence prevailed, and I realized that I was buried alive. I crawled toward the entrance with the faint hope of digging out and felt the loose rocks and wet earth that choked the entrance. No one would ever look for me, and if by chance any one came to my place they would think I was away hunting.

"I began frantically to tear away the rocks laid earth, tearing the flesh from my hands, and a number of times lay down in despair, but at last I pulled a rock away and saw daylight and soon got into the open air after day and night. In that living tomb, I tell you I was mighty careful about going into caves after that."

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Fin de Siecle Contrivances Used Every Day Everywhere—Unused Inventions.

(Special Correspondence.)

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 9.—"Not a day passes," said an ingenious inventor of these times to me today, "that you and I and almost every one in all this land do not make use of one or more of the contrivances, the by reason of their recent invention and ingenious nature may be appropriately termed fin de siecle devices. The telephone and the phonograph, electric cars and cable cars and a host of other things that will occur to your mind come naturally under this heading, but they are not nearly so interesting to me as are, in their way, the ingenious inventions that for some reason have never been put into general use.

"It is said that Edison made half a dozen inventions in telegraphy, which were bought up by the Western Union and buried, and that in that way the Wizard got much of the money that enabled him to go ahead and perfect his electric light and the other things that have made him famous and very rich and have practically changed methods of life and of doing business the world over. His telephone was in many respects a better one than Bell's, and if it had not been judiciously decided that it was an infringement on the latter's patent would perhaps have been the more successful of the two. Its speaking qualities were wonderful, and 10 or 12 years ago there were Edison exchanges in many cities all over the country.

"Many newspaper readers have recently read of the Louisville man who discovered a chemical compound that would remove every trace of ink from paper without in any way discoloring the surface of the paper and have approved of his course in withdrawing it from the market because he found that unscrupulous persons had made use of it to alter checks and legal documents. Not every inventor would be broad minded enough to do this, but every one must admire the motive that prompted so unselfish an action.

"Every little while we read of some new contrivance that seems bound to revolutionize some feature of business or render possible some attainment that has long been sought in vain. For instance, much has been said about possibilities in the way of electrical cooking, and it was predicted two or three years ago that in a short time food could be prepared more cheaply and better by the agency of the electric current. A fluid that has had such a great influence for modern life than in any other way.

"Well, it is possible to cook by electricity, but the process is so costly that its general adoption seems as far off now as it did when it was first talked of. A friend of mine, who is known to have money which he wishes to invest in something of the sort, was approached not long ago by an inventor of an apparatus which, he said, would overcome every difficulty. 'Set one up in my kitchen,' said the capitalist, 'and if it works satisfactorily I will put up the money to float a company for its manufacture.'

"An electrical cooker was put up as requested, and it did its work perfectly, but at the end of three days' trial it had burned out and was useless. It was renewed again and again, but it could not be made to last, and so the company was never formed, and the invention is not used. My capitalistic friend had a similar experience with a new smoke consumer. The man who successfully solves the problem of the consumption of soft coal in such a way as to do away with the black sooty smoke now produced will speedily become a multimillionaire, and my friend was very glad to have an opportunity to test a contrivance for that purpose which was brought to him. 'Put it on the furnaces under the boilers in my factory,' he said to the inventor, 'and if it stands the test I will back you.'

"So the apparatus was tried, as the electrical cooker had been, and it consumed the smoke successfully and to the great delight of all concerned. By the end of a week, however, a fatal defect manifested itself. The intense heat of the smoke combustion destroyed the iron of the apparatus, and it has not yet been found possible to change the device so as to overcome the difficulty. The smoke consumer has therefore been relegated to the scrap heap of unavailable inventions. I have no doubt that both electrical cooking and the consumption of the smoke of soft coal will be practically accomplished by and by, but a good deal of patient study and long and careful experiments must be gone through with first.

"Notwithstanding the many disheartening difficulties that inventors are constantly encountering, several great discoveries in electricity and chemistry are likely soon to be made public, and among them will undoubtedly be that of sending telegraphic and telephonic communications without wires. Already under favorable conditions this has been done. There really seems no good reason to the scientific mind why the electrical current should not be projected without metal conductors, and when this is done the seemingly impossible problem is solved." M. I. DEXTER.

Measuring Rhode Island.

The following incident I heard related of recent banquet, Captain Winsor of Rhode Island was there. He is a venerable looking, but lively old gentleman, with white hair flowing down over his coat collar and with a face resembling that of the late Henry Ward Beecher. The toastmaster arose to introduce Captain Winsor and jokingly said: "The captain hails from that famous state of Rhode Island. Let me see, how many square feet are there in Rhode Island, captain?"

"Quick as a flash the little old gentleman was standing, and with his white hair flowing over his shoulders he exclaimed: "Rhode Island is not measured by feet, sir, but by hands."—Seattle Post.

Embarrassing.

Miss Elder—Yes, Mr. Skidds, the servant who admitted you has been in our family for 40 years.

Considerate.

Gaybyrd—I'd marry if I knew a very attractive deaf woman.

Does He, or Doesn't He?

Winks—Do you like children?

EDISON'S METHODS.

He Does Not Invent by Accident or Without Hard Work.

His genius comes near to justifying that definition of the word which makes it an infinite capacity for taking pains. "Are your discoveries often brilliant intuitions? Do they come to you while you are lying 'awake nights'?" I asked him.

"I never did anything worth doing by accident," he replied, "nor did any of my inventions come indirectly through accident, except the phonograph. No, when I have fully decided that a result is worth getting, I go ahead on it and make trial after trial until it comes. I have always kept strictly within the lines of commercially useful inventions. I have never had any time to put on electrical wonders valuable simply as novelties to catch the popular fancy." And he named in distinction some noted electricians who had made their reputations through the pyrotechnics of the profession.

"What makes you work?" I asked, with real curiosity. "What impels you to this constant, tireless struggle? You have shown that you care comparatively nothing for the money it makes, and you have no particular enthusiasm in the attending fame."

"I like it," he answered after a moment of puzzled expression, and then he repeated his reply several times, as if mine was a proposition that had not occurred to him before. "I like it. I don't know any other reason. You know some people like to collect stamps. Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not satisfied away from it until it is finished. And then I hate it."

"Hate it?" I asked, struck by his emphatic tones.

"Yes," he affirmed, "when it is all done and is a success I can't bear the sight of it. I haven't used a telephone in 10 years, and I would go out of my way any day to miss an incandescent light."—Review of Reviews.

Father Ohrwalder.

At the central entrance of the Refuge home we were arrested by a deafened priest and conducted into a spacious apartment with whitewashed walls and marble floor. Scarcely had we seated ourselves before a tall, thin man, with sunken cheeks, long black hair and straggling beard, entered the room and greeted us kindly.

It was hard to realize at first that this was really Father Ohrwalder; that there before us in actual flesh and blood was the patient, noble, heroic martyr who had endured such terrible sufferings for the last 10 years; who had been intimately acquainted with the mahdi and the khalfis; who had enjoyed the personal friendship of General Gordon, Emin Pasha, Slatin Bey and most of those whose names are as household words in connection with the Sudan; who had actually been at El Obeid at the time of the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army; who was familiar with every nook and corner of Omdurman and Khartoum and who had so lately emerged from what had been in literal truth "the valley of the shadow of death."

Plain, simple, straightforward and unaffected, without the slightest trace of self-consciousness on the one hand or of mock modesty on the other, ready to answer all inquiries fully, freely and without exaggeration or reserve, Father Ohrwalder might have been the briefest and the briefest of individuals for all the pretension which he made to the contrary.

And yet as the conversation deepened in interest and intimacy one became gradually more sensible, not only from his words, but from the expression of his countenance and from his general demeanor, that he in whose presence we were was no ordinary man.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Dog's Gratitude.

A 10-year-old little girl had fallen into the Tiber that day (July 24) from the parapets of the Ponte Margherita. The crowd who witnessed the accident, merely ran hither and thither on the bridge and the river, calling for some one to help the child—no body daring to do so. Two policemen spent the time in making inquiries as to whether "it was a case of murder or suicide." The child meanwhile was visibly drowning, when a dog—a workman's miserable dog, destined to end a wretched day in the stables of a municipal (dog dog) yard—leaped barking into the Tiber under the eyes of all the screaming but useless crowd.

The poor beast, accustomed to feed upon street offal and to sleep in any shed it could find, swam out to the little girl in peril, caught her dress and drew her to the shore. When he saw her in safety, the dog jumped and bayed for joy, licking the child's face and hands. It appears they had been friends. The child had known the dog in a manufactory at Prati di Castello, and the poor animal was grateful to her for her some crumbs or carresses. The crowd then tried to catch the dog to see how an animal more brave than so many men was made, but it ran through their midst and disappeared.—Zoophilist.

The Speed of a Cricket Ball.

The speed at which a cricket ball is delivered by a fast bowler may be roughly estimated at a mile a minute. When Mr. C. T. B. Turner, the B. Turner, the Essex, visited Woolwich arsenal, he was requested by an official to bowl through the electric screens in use for measuring the velocity of projectiles. It was found that, at a point representing half way between the wickets, the velocity of Turner's ball was 81 feet per second, or 50 miles an hour. At this rate the ball would traverse the pitch in 2-27ths of a second. Several bowlers, however, as for the time, Moline the Lancashire professional, and Kortright, the Essex marvel, bowl faster than Turner, and this would bring the pace to the mile per minute. It may be well understood that a batsman has to keep all his wits about him to guard his wicket and his body from such attacks as these.—Scottish Referee.

Vexatious Problems.

When the north pole is discovered, as of course it is sure to be, by some alert explorer of the icy arctic sea, what do men hope to do with it? Is it to be cut down

And put on exhibition in some enterprising town? Or cut up into smaller poles, like those the barbers use, Enriched with green and reddish tints, and yellow stripes and blues? Or will they run a cable thence down to the southern pole? And have a trolley across the earth to please the jaded soul?

Or do they think to leave it on its present ice-bound site And run an elevator to its very topmost height, To coax the sleeping tourist from his happy southern home Unto the land where polar bears and avalanches roam? When Mr. Keely's motor has been really got to mope, What will its motive come to? Will it run a train or boat?

And how can folks determine that its motive's sure to be Perpetual—to run straight on through all eternity?

And when they solve the mystery about the man who hit B. Patterson upon the cheek pray what will come of it?

And when they settle Bacon's claim 'gainst Shakespeare past all doubt What will the controversialists then controvert about?

The tariff and the dollar may be questions rich and rare, As also may that other one about what we shall wear, But as I look around me at the problems men now meet, The ones I've mentioned seem to me the hardest to solve.

—Harper's Bazar.

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